

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE

AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal - - - Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

AMOS SMITH, JR.,
Editor.

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The Gallaudet Guide,

DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

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Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

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MISSING.
Not among the suffering wounded.
Not among the peaceful dead;
Not among the prisoners. "MISSING!"
That was all the message said.

Yet his mother reads it over,
Until through her painful tears,
Fades the dear name she has called him
For these two-and-twenty years.

Round her all is peace and plenty;
Bright and clean the yellow floor;
While the morning-glories cluster
All around the kitchen door.

Soberly, the sleek old house-cat
Drowns in his patch of sun;
Neatly shines the oaken dresser;
All the morning's work is done.

Through the window comes the fragrance
Of a sunny harvest morn,
Fragrant songs from distant reapers,
And the rustling of the corn;

And the rich breath of the garden—
Where the golden melons lie;
Where the blushing plums are turning
All their red cheeks to the sky.

Sitting there within the sunshine—
Leaning in her easy chair;
With soft lines upon her forehead
And the silver in her hair—

Blind to sunshine—deaf to fragrance—
On that royal harvest morn;
Thinking, while her heart is weeping,
Of her noble-browed first born.

How he left her in the Spring-time,
With his young heart full of flame,
With his clear and ringing footsteps,
With his lithe and supple frame.

How with tears his eyes were brimming
As he kissed a last "Good bye,"
Yet she heard him whistling gayly
As he went across the rye.

MISSING. Why should he be missing?
He would fight until he fell;
And if wounded, killed, or prisoner,
Some one there would be to tell.

MISSING. Still a hope to cheer her!
Safe, triumphant, he may come,
With the victor army shouting,
With the clamor of the drum.

So through all the days of Autumn—
In the eve and in the morn—
She will hear his quickening footsteps
In the rustling of the corn.

Or she will hush the household,
While her heart goes leaping high,
Thinking that she hears him whistling
In the pathway through the rye.

Far away, through all the Autumn,
In a lonely, lonely glade—
In the dreary desolation
That the Battle Storm has made—

With the rust upon his musket—
In the eve and in the morn—
In the rank gloom of the fern leaves
Lies her noble-browed first born.

"One of a Thousand."

BY MRS. M. A. LIVERMORE.

"There's the door-bell! Run up and answer it, Jane, and I'll wait on table while you're gone."

The brisk little servant tripped away to obey orders, leaving the young husband and wife to themselves, but was back presently, saying, "It's somebody that wants to see you, Mrs. Ross; she's waiting in the back parlor."

"A lady! who is she? did she send her card or name?"

"No, ma'am; she's a poor body, small and sick-like; she wants help, I guess."

"Like enough; I'll go up in a moment."

"What a pity you were not elected city poor-mistress, Kitty," said her husband; "you seem endowed with miraculous executive ability in the management of the poor."

"I've no aspirations for the office, but I promise you I would do better than some of the present incumbents, were I to fill it."

"No doubt of it, my dear; let me see—how many poor women have you on your hands at the present time?"

"Less than a dozen."

"And how many poor children?"

"Oh, don't ask me! It cuts me to the heart to remember the poor, neglected children of this great city."

"Have you no bowels of compassion for the neglected husbands of this city? When do you receive applications from them? I have a case on hand requiring immediate attention."

"You may report it now, if you please; what's the 'newest grief'? Is there a button off your shirt, or a hole in your stocking?"

"Neither of these misfortunes has befallen me; but my coffee was not sweetened by a kiss, this morning, nor—"

"Your beef-steak peppered with hot words; I see—you are right; your case does require immediate attention. But excuse me, now; 'first come, first served,' and I'll go and see this poor woman, up stairs."

"Hold on, Kitty; 'first come, first served,' is my motto, and I believe I'm the first comer by two years; and putting his arm around the waist of his wife, they passed up stairs, and I'm very certain that Jane, who stood in the basement hall, heard the echo of kisses all the way up. Pardon them, dear reader, they were but two years married, and had made slow progress out of the honey-moon.

"Don't go down town till I see you again," said Mrs. Ross, as she passed into the parlor, while her husband went on to the library.

A sad sight awaited the kind-hearted lady in the parlor. A once beautiful, but now pale, wasted, hollow-eyed, young woman, drained of vitality and happiness, whose incessant cough and sepulchral voice told of the ravages of consumption, and whose grave was but a little way off in the future, rose to meet her. Her appearance instantly enlisted the sympathies of Mrs. Ross, and with a tone and manner of infinite kindness, she drew a chair beside her and prepared to listen.

"My name is Harley—Maria Harley," began the woman, in great embarrassment; "I'm in very feeble health," and here she hesitated.

"I see that you are," said Mrs. Ross, tenderly; "what can I do for you?"

"I have not long to live—I'm without friends—and when I die, as I shall soon, my little son, four years old, will be left alone."

"Your husband, then, is not living?"

The white lips opened and closed, but emitted no sound. A hot flush overspread her face, and then was succeeded by a deathly pallor than before. But in a moment the truth came out, without equivocation or quibbling, but with downcast eyes and in a husky whisper, "I have never had a husband."

There was silence for a few minutes, when each heard the other's heart beat. "Is the father of your son living?" asked Mrs. Ross, low and timidly.

A nod of assent answered her, the poor woman not even raising her eyes to the questioner.

"Can he not be persuaded to be indeed a father to his child? Will he not take the boy under his care, when—when you are gone?"

The poor woman wrung her hands, and then burst into a paroxysm of wild weeping, whose violence Mrs. Ross feared would sunder her brittle life. She soothed her, and reassured her with kind words, and waited patiently till her tears were exhausted.

"Has the boy's father done nothing for him?"

"Yes—there is a fund at interest for him—small—but two thirds of what his father was worth at the time it was deposited. If I should live and be well, I should need nothing further for Harry's support. But when I die—what will become of him?" and she wept afresh.

"Cannot the father, then, be persuaded to adopt the child himself?"

"Oh, madame, he is married."

"What sort of a person is his wife?"

"She is an angel!" and a glow of enthusiasm tinged the snow of her cheek, and her face brightened with pleasing emotion.

"She is an angel! she is beautiful as the morning, and as good as though she had never lived out of heaven. All the poor people know her, and if anybody has any sorrow or trouble, they go to her, and she is always ready to help. Oh, madame, she is too good and too beautiful for anything in this world."

"Kitty!" called Mr. Ross, sharply, from the partially opened door, and turning, Mrs. Ross beheld her husband half across the threshold, with a ghastly and whiter face than the poor consumptive with whom she was talking, and at whom he glared wildly. She sprang towards him with an exclamation of affright, when he reeled backwards into the hall, and almost fell into a chair.

"Oh, my precious husband! my dear Henry! What is the matter? you are sick; let me send for a doctor! Jane, make haste! bring me a glass of wine!"

"No, no, no-Kitty; I'm better already. Stop! stop! Don't get any thing—don't call anybody. Let me go up to our room. Haven't you salts of ammonia there?"

Tenderly the loving wife assisted her husband to his room, bathed his temples, chafed his clammy hands, applied stimulants, and poured him a glass of wine, intermingling her efforts, all the while, with the fondest caresses, and applying to him every endearing epithet her loving heart could suggest.

"What has caused this sudden attack, dear Henry? You were well enough at breakfast."

"Can't tell, I'm sure; it came over me as I was passing through the hall."

Had the tones of that sepulchral voice, and the vision of that never-to-be-forgotten face no agency in causing this sudden attack? The query need not even suggest itself to the trusting wife, who saw in her husband one of nature's noblemen, and worshiped him as such.

Meanwhile in the parlor below a scene of fearful excitement was being enacted, God alone being witness to it. "Oh, my God! my God! help me! help me! what shall I do?" burst from the poor woman, as Mrs. Ross disappeared up stairs with her husband. And, pacing the room, she threw up her arms, beat her breast, smote her forehead, and in other frantic ways, sought to vent the suppressed emotion which almost rent her in sunder. "Why have I come here? Do I want to kill her—the good, beautiful creature? I must never tell her! never, never, never! How she loves him! But oh, my poor boy, my dear child! I will take him with me to the grave. Haven't I the right—I, who have endured four years of death in life for his dear sake? Is not his life mine? Is not murder sometimes justifiable? Oh, God, help me! help me! help me!" and falling on her knees on the sofa, she fell forward on her face, which she buried in both hands, her whole frame shaking violently with tearless sobs.

Here Mrs. Ross found her almost insensible, when her husband, having recovered partially from his sudden attack, went down town to his office, leaving his wife once more at liberty. Stooping over the cowering figure, she raised her with difficulty, and was frightened when she saw her face. It was like that of one struck with death. The poor creature attempted to stand, but staggered back helplessly on the sofa.

"Let me go home!" she said feebly; "you can do nothing for me; I was a fool to suppose you could."

"Lie quietly on the sofa a few moments," said Mrs. Ross, with gentleness; "you are not able to go yet. You need a glass of the port wine which has revived my husband; lie still, and I will fetch it." And unheeding the remonstrances of the half-dead woman, she brought the wine, and held it to her white lips till she had drained the last drop.

"I was just going to say to you, when my husband came in," resumed Mrs. Ross, as Maria rallied, "that if the wife of this man be what you say she is, perhaps she would do something for your son, when you are no longer able to do for him, and—have they children of their own?"

"No."

"Perhaps she might consent to adopt him."

"Oh, but this woman loves her husband—she loves him as her life—worships him—thinks him faultless—it will kill her to know the truth."

"Is her husband a bad man—I mean habitually?"

"Oh, no, ma'am; everybody calls him good—everybody thinks well of him—and he is not what you might call a bad man. He did me a great wrong—but thinks he repaired it with money! his wife wouldn't think so, though. I think he meant to make me his wife, though I was beneath him; but you see, ma'am, she that is his wife, fell in his way, and her handsome face, and her beautiful voice, for she sings like an angel, and her good heart and winning ways, that make me even love her, that ought to hate her, so that I want to kiss the hem of her dress as she goes by—all this, you see, made him love her, so that I believe he would have given up his hope of heaven for her. Sometimes when I see her, I don't blame him, for she is the most beautiful and the best woman in the world."

"Such a woman is just the one for you to go to with your story. So good and pitying, I'm sure she will not refuse to do something for you—she may find your boy a good home—perhaps take it herself."

"Oh, no, ma'am, that she never would; it's against nature. Would you do such a thing, dear lady?" and the poor creature rose up with earnestness, and looked eagerly in the face of Mrs. Ross.

"It's my impression that you had better go to her," was the reply; "for the question seemed irrelevant. 'Tell her the whole truth, not revengefully, but carefully, humbly, and for the sake of your child.' I am sure she will be moved by it."

The woman turned to leave, but the excitement of the hour had been too much for her, and she dropped fainting and gasping on the sofa. "You are very weak," said Mrs. Ross, pityingly; "you must wait till the horse is put into the buggy, and I will send you home. I will see you at your home, and if it be desirable, I may go to the lady with you, myself."

Mrs. Ross was singularly interested in this poor girl. She could think of nothing else, and when her husband came home to dinner, still pale and grave, from the attack of the morning, she narrated to him the whole affair. He listened with little apparent interest, and asked in a nonchalant way, "What she proposed to do for her?"

She stated her proposition of the morning. "I do not yet know what can be done, but I advised her to see the wife of this man, whom she represents as good, benevolent and beautiful, and lay the case before her."

Mr. Ross looked up in surprise, anger and affright. "Good heavens, Kitty! are you crazy? Don't you see you would break up the family altogether? The wife would instantly discard her husband, and then it would be out of the father's power to do any thing for his child."

"No, I think not. From what this Maria Harley tells me—Mr. Ross started as if stung. "Why, Henry, how nervous you are to-day! I am afraid you are going to be sick."

"Oh, no; there is no danger."

"Well, from what Maria Harley says, this woman is one of the best and noblest type. It would undoubtedly shock her, but she must learn the truth sometime, and she had better know it now, when she can do some good. I am impressed that this is the best course; if I were a Quaker, I should say I was guided by the 'inward light.'"

Mr. Ross puffed at what he called his wife's "womanish nonsense," and got quite out of patience with her persistence.

"Why, Henry, you amaze me! I am sure I'm right."

"Let the whole matter entirely alone, I beseech you," was his entreaty, uttered in a importunate and distressed manner; "only trouble can come of your interference. It's a bad matter, a common case, which cannot be meddled with. You will make a world of trouble unless you stop."

He was so deeply and strangely in earnest, that Mrs. Ross finally promised, despite her convictions, to content herself with ameliorating the condition of the mother, and with seeking a home for the child. Not even her husband could persuade her to promise more than this.

gave no sign that she heeded them. It was the same at the tea-table; the next day, and the next succeeded; a week passed, and it became evident that a wall of partition was raised between the wedded couple, hitherto one in feeling and action. The gaily and sunny temper of the wife was gone. Silent, bewildered, she moved about mechanically, discharging every duty with rigorous fidelity; courteous to her husband, and regardless of his wants; but the gushing love which had formerly infused itself into her whole manner towards him, prompting a thousand nameless attentions, was wanting. No more did she run to meet him as she heard his footstep in the hall; no longer did they pass up and down the stairs with arms entwining one another; the good-night and good-morning kisses were remitted, more because the wife was so pre-occupied and absorbed as to forget them, it seemed, than because of aversion; and while there was on neither side a lack of courtesy, the married pair were as widely separated as though a continent intervened. Poor wife! poor woman! the happiness which had wrapped her about like an atmosphere of heaven, had fallen away from her; she had believed she was leaning on an oak, but it had proved a reed, and bending under her, had pierced her with sorrow; she had worshipped an idol, believing it of fine gold, and it had proved to be only common clay.

With torturing anxiety and taciturn gloom, Mr. Ross watched his wife. Words of explanation had passed between them, but he knew too well whence the arrow had sped which had entered her soul. The cloud in his horizon, no bigger than a man's hand, had suddenly spread so as to darken the whole firmament, and now had burst above him. His only refuge was in silence, and so he offered to his wife's troubled spirit neither sympathy nor condolence.

Meanwhile, almost daily, Mrs. Ross paid a visit to the mother and child, who had awakened in her heart so strong an interest. The mother's descent into the grave was swift, and it was Mrs. Ross's aim to render it painless and peaceful. She had relieved her of all anxiety concerning her little son, who bounded to meet his new friend, with the trusting affection of childhood, his large eyes dilating with pleasure, and his fair face glowing with excitement. Their strong mutual love was cemented more and more by each successive visit, and, in beholding it, the long unhappy mother found that peace in death, which had been alien to her in life. It was a relief to the heavy spirit of Mrs. Ross to supply the hitherto desolate boy with the pretty frocks, trousers, collars and caps, which set off his beauty to such an advantage; she found a pleasure in arranging his silky brown tresses, as abundant as those of a girl; and a glow came to her wan cheek, as she witnessed his exuberant delight at the rocking-horse, wooden soldiers, picture-books, and other toys, with which she furnished him. To the mother she read, and with her prayed, her own sorrow adding pathos to her petitions, and tenderness to her voice, while the act assuaged the unspoken sorrow which had rolled in upon her. Whatever could alleviate the dying woman's sufferings, or divert death of its terror, was remembered by Mrs. Ross in this hour of extremity.

And so matters went on for weeks. Gradually Mrs. Ross seemed to be conquering her trials, whatever they had been; there was a slow and partial resuming of her old ways and manners, and less deadness of feeling towards all the former delights of her life. The mental trials of the last few weeks had told on her health severely—but their effect on her husband was even greater than on her. Mrs. Ross noticed it with real concern, and besought him to do something for his restoration. Still, however, there lingered in the house the hush and solemnity which follows a deep bereavement.

There came, at last, a day when Mrs. Ross seemed plunged anew into the depths of the sadness from which she was slowly emerging. She returned from her dying charge, after an unusually brief visit, in tears and violent agitation. Mr. Ross perceived it, and thought she had retrograded into the gloom of weeks before, but as usual, was silent. Once, looking up

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The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1861.

There is now and then a man whose love of peace is so much stronger than his love of principle, that he is ready to "compromise" with the South upon any terms which they may propose. There is no need to stop to discuss the propriety or impropriety of compromise now. Any compromise which can be offered with the slightest chance of success, would be nothing but submission. It is the illdest thing in the world to talk of compromise now. The South will not accept it. At the very outset of the war they "drew the sword and threw away the scabbard," nay, before the war was begun they declared that the dissolution was complete and final, and, that, as Mr. Douglas truly said, in his last letter upon national matters, "they would never consent to a reconstruction in any contingency—not even if we would furnish them with a blank sheet of paper and permit them to subscribe their own terms." This was the ground they took at the very outset. Edward Everett, who always advocated compromise, and who as a member of the "Peace Congress" last winter, used all the power of his influence, his eloquence, and his interest to secure a compromise, and when he had done all he could in that direction, and found it utterly useless and vain, he gave utterance to these memorable words—words of truth which his own convictions wrung from him at last, and after all his labors for the South. He said—

"We spoke the words of conciliation and peace, till they inspired nothing but contempt, and invited even new exactions on the part of our brethren to whom they were addressed; and it was not till they themselves cried 'Havoc, and let slip the dogs of war,' that the outraged spirit of a loyal people was aroused to a tardy resistance. Not upon us, not upon us the dread responsibility of the unnatural conflict."

With the testimony of these men, whose devotion to the Union was not surpassed by any men, and with what every body can see in the proceedings of the present, how idle it is to talk of compromise with the rebels. There never has been a time when any thing short of a submission—a yielding up of our very national existence—would have been accepted by the South, and now that they are flushed with the result of the battle at Bull Run, it is madness to suppose that they will listen to any proposition short of that. The war must go on! The rebels who would destroy our government have determined that it shall be so, and they will not change that determination until it is demonstrated—as it soon will be—that the government is capable of sustaining itself. It has never been in the power of the government to do less than surrender. It might have done that without striking a blow! It only had to confess its own weakness!—that the attempt of a republican government was a failure!—that it had not the power, with twenty millions of free men to enforce its laws or maintain its authority! They had only to confess that the people were but a race of cowards, without faith in themselves, or in the eternal principles of right and justice, and allow a band of traitors to flout them, and trample upon them—to yield up their manliness, and become base cravens, and the work was accomplished. This was the kind of compromise they offered, and there was not a shadow of hope that any other would be accepted. The time had come when it was ordained in the councils of traitors that the government should be destroyed. While they could retain power in their hands, they would consent to be our masters, and the government was safe; but the power had passed from their hands, and its doom, so far as they could do it, was written. This war is only carrying out the design that was formed scores of years ago. Let us not, therefore, hear any more of compromise, if the nation has force enough to maintain its honor, until there is some evidence that they inspire something more than contempt. We must measure lances with them, and test our power of self-government. When we fail to show that we possess the power, it will be time enough to offer compromise with traitors!

The newly appointed Editor of the *Guide*, Mr. WING, is but just released from the apron ties of his *Alma Mater*, and is a young man of fine talents. He will print the paper at Hartford where he has just accepted an appointment as a tutor in the Institution. The fact that he is comparatively unknown in the mute community,

will, we think give the paper a smooth and prosperous career for the future. A man of decided opinions, particularly if he has been long before the public cannot fail to encounter opposition of more or less magnitude, but his produces a healthy effect while the even and smooth man produces the opposite—a torpid effect.

The firm and decided stand we have taken against all that was wrong and our readiness to uphold the right whatever the influences we should have to contend with, has caused a good deal of altercation in certain quarters, but we have never cared a straw for the whole host of our opponents—we have not had the fear of them before our eyes. We have been sustained by the masses—with that we are content. The *Guide* which last December was hardly in a condition to go on has under our management been placed in a condition most flourishing, and we take this occasion to return our thanks to our friends for their kind and generous support and to ask of them for our successor the same favor and encouragement. We are sure none of them will follow the example of the deeply learned editor of the *American Annals*, and the like of him, in trying to crush out a paper because its editor happens to differ with them on a few points. These men have already found, to their dismay, the maxim verified in our case, "the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church."

Mr. WING, it will be seen, by the subjoined extract of a letter received from him, does not differ materially with us on the subject of a school for mute children in Massachusetts. Yet, with the influences which cannot fail to operate over him, we hardly think that he will speak openly and independently.

In reply to the last paragraph in the extract, we would say that *we were ready to prove all our assertions by evidence* while the events were yet fresh, but Hartford evaded the issue, and we could not put her upon trial. But it gives us pleasure now to be able to bear testimony to a wonderful improvement in the internal family management of the institution of late years. So much for the good effects of the move in Massachusetts.

Here is Mr. WING's letter.
"On receiving the number of the *Guide* in which you commented, in a somewhat lengthy editorial, on the defeat of a bill looking to the establishment of a school for deaf mutes in Massachusetts, I wrote to President Brown, offering to take charge of the paper next January, and giving as a reason for this extraordinary course, that I believed the advocating of the project by the editor in his official character, to be prejudicial to the interests of the Association; it having a tendency to divide the members into opposing factions and thus ruin the *Guide*, if not break up the Association itself. Afterwards, having consulted my father and tutor, and finding that they were much opposed to it, believing that it would interfere with my studies, I withdrew my offer. I told Mr. Brown as I have told others, that while a new school in Massachusetts would be highly beneficial to the mutes of New England, it was my opinion that the movers of the scheme by vaguely attempting to show up the faults and follies of Hartford, without being able to bring forward evidences of glaring corruption, with names, places, times and circumstances, adopted the most certain means of defeating the object they had in view."

Mr. WING does not enter upon his duties till the expiration of four term in December.

Death of John C. Clark.

We are pained to record the death of JOHN C. CLARK. He died at his residence in Nashua, N. H., Aug. 7. He was born Jan. 11, 1812; at the age of two years he lost his hearing by spotted fever. In 1828 he entered the Hartford Asylum, and graduated in 1830, having gained in the two years sufficient knowledge to pass respectably through life. In 1835 he thought his heart was renewed by the Holy Spirit, and made a public profession of religion in New Boston, N. H. He married in 1836, but leaves no children. Taking cold in February last while attending the funeral of his wife's father, his illness was aggravated subsequently by poison from the lead pipe in his well, and from that time he gradually failed. During his illness he expressed the most perfect willingness to die, if in God's wisdom He so decided.

He was a zealous member of the Gallaudet Association, and has probably done more for it in connection with President Brown than any other man. He lived to be loved by all who knew him, to be respected by his neighbors and friends, for his honest and upright dealings. He has left considerable property which secures to his widow a competence. The Board of Managers of the Gallaudet Association, recently in session in this city, passed suitable resolution to his memory, but we had not received a copy at the time of going to press.

WILSON WHITON is not the author of the communication in our September number, under the initials "W. W."

THE NORWICH ROUTE TO NEW YORK AND BOSTON.—The two new steamers *City of New York* and *City of Boston*, just completed, and on this line, renders it the most expeditious route between the two great cities. These are the best boats on any waters in the world, and are built with reference to strength, safety, and comfort, rather than show, though they are fitted in a style of simple elegance. The state-rooms—one hundred in number—are roomy, and all supplied with one broad berth. The table is equal to that of any first-class hotel, and the splendid dining-saloon has rather the appearance of a hotel than a steamboat cabin. The cars run in connection with this line are furnished with the most comfortable of reclining seats. And we need no reason why, with all the attractions, this route should not receive its full share of travel.

The fare on this route has been reduced to \$3.00.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY.—Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the uncircumcised Philistines thereof be confounded, and hide themselves for shame, that one of the sons of Adam has fallen down, down, to the infernal and deep degradation of stealing from a mute. This awful crime was perpetrated two weeks ago in the office of our friend, P. V. Packard. He says the coat taken will be a winding sheet to the thief, and forever hide the thief from the gaze of all honest people.

DEAF MUTES FOR THE ARMY.—We are informed by Mr. A. F. Paige, of this village, who by the way is one of our most quiet citizens, that a military company, composed entirely of deaf mutes has been formed in Massachusetts, and accepted into the service of the United States. They march, of course without music, but perform the most difficult military evolutions with precision and perfection, seeming almost to anticipate the requirements of their commander, whose orders of course, are given by signs. *—Orange Gazette.*

We have been credibly informed of a number of cases where deaf mutes have come thirty or forty miles to enlist in the company.

Was not the sell a good one?

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE "N. E. GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF MUTES."

The Board met, agreeably to previous appointment, at the room of the "Boston Deaf Mute Christian Union," in Tremont Temple, at half past two o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, Aug. 28th.

The Secretary called the Roll, and all answered to their names except Messrs. LUCAS and ATKINS of Vt., and Mr. ATWOOD of Conn.

On motion, OSCAR KINSMAN of Conn., who was present, was reinstated in the office of Manager from Conn.—a place which he resigned some time since. Mr. WING of Bangor, Me., who was appointed by the President as substitute for Mr. WING of Maine (resigned,) was accepted and took his seat.

S. ROWE then opened the meeting with prayer, prefacing the same with a few appropriate remarks.

The President then delivered his usual message, in substance as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD:

We meet to-day agreeably to custom, to consult on the best means to forward the interests of our Association and its organ, "*The Gallaudet Guide*." The hard times consequent on the civil trouble which has arisen in our country, may hinder us somewhat, and cripple our resources, but still, we will do the best we can. It gives me great pleasure to see so full a meeting, and to mark the readiness with which you have responded to my call.

Intelligent people generally appreciate the fact that our Association, if rightly conducted, is capable of being a great benefit to the Deaf Mutes at large. We have of late met with some opposition on various accounts and I think proper for us to see, during our sessions, what we can do to remedy it. We should feel bound to treat all sides fairly and show partiality to none. There is renewed cause for thankfulness that all things considered, we enjoy a fair degree of prosperity. I may be excused if I say that at the last Convention, at Hartford, I was much troubled by the neglect of some of the officers to perform their duties as promptly as they might have done, thereby throwing a heavier responsibility on me than I was well able to bear. I hope it will not happen again.

Under the present aspect of affairs it may be best to postpone the appointment of time and place of next Convention till we shall be able to see whether there is likely to be an attendance. As long as we have the funds, we intend to continue the *Guide*, and I understand that the prospect is fair. I would recommend, in prospect of the retirement of the present Editor at the close of the year, that we use all discretion and judgment in procuring a suitable substitute. The notice which I received of the intended withdrawal of the Editor, Executive Committee, and Treasurer, devolved on me the duty of nominating new ones. I have a list ready, which I will present at the proper time and you can use your own judgment thereon.

It is due the Treasurer to say that he has always discharged his duties satisfactorily to the Association and creditably to himself, and I for one, would be glad to have him continue in office. You will please consider whether the Executive Committee might not be dispensed with, and the *Guide* be published under the oversight of the Board.

I would suggest that all members of the Association supply themselves with envelopes, for business correspondence, stamped with the Seal of the Association. They cost no more than plain ones and are useful in various ways.

In all our deliberations let us invoke the Divine blessing, and then we may the better hope for good results from our labors.

Leave being granted Mr. HOMER tendered the Board an invitation from AMOS SMITH, Jr., Esq., Editor of the *Gallaudet Guide*, to dine with him at 7 P. M., next day.—Accepted. On motion, the President's message was laid on the table for consideration. Some time was occupied in arranging business after which the meeting adjourned to 7 o'clock, P. M.

EVENING SESSION.—Aug. 28th.

After the call to order, the President's message was taken up. Mr. HOMER opposed the proposed postponement of time and place of next Convention. He said we should arrange the preliminaries as usual, and if anything should make it desirable to postpone it, it could be done through the columns of the *Guide*.

Others followed, some for and some against the proposition, and after considerable discussion and a suspension of the rules, to allow of some remarks from outsiders, it was unanimously voted to proceed in the usual manner and watch the progress of events for a rule of conduct in regard to postponement.

The appointment of time and place was laid over for the next day.

Mr. HOMER moved that a Committee be appointed to nominate a new Executive Committee, Orator, Interpreter, &c. The President appointed Messrs. KINSMAN, SWETT and WING, who were directed to report in the morning.

Inquiries were made upon the order of a previous meeting, to print a pamphlet for distribution to members and others, containing a history of the Association, its Constitution, &c. It was discovered that the order never had been executed, and, it being suggested that the Constitution wanted revision, the matter was laid on the table.

Mr. SMITH, Editor of the "*Guide*" being called on, made some remarks explanatory of his course of action the past year, and indicative of the course he intended to pursue after his term expired. Adjourned to 9 A. M.

MORNING SESSION.—Aug. 29th.

Prayer by Mr. ROWE. The Secretary read the minutes of the previous day, which were accepted. Place of next Convention was taken up.

Mr. HOMER expressed his preference for Portland, Me. He said that according to the rule of rotation among the New England States, we had now but two States to choose from. R. I. and Me., of the two he considered Me., the most proper, and the Board would remember, that when the matter was put to vote at the last Convention, although they could not decide legally, yet the preference was for Portland. Mr. WING remarked that there seemed to be no preference among the Mutes of Maine. He thought they would rather have it abroad.

Mr. HOMER replied that one reason for his preference of Portland, was that the Mutes of Maine had always been few at Conventions, and by giving them one in their own state he intended to try whether, of the many known to exist therein, we could not get a reasonable number together.

Several other places in Maine and R. I. were proposed, and each had one or more advocates. The matter being put to vote resulted as follows:

Maine, 4. Rhode Island, 2.

The State having been decided on, it did not take long to choose a place, the vote was—for Portland, 4; Saco 2.

The time appointed for the meeting of the Convention was the second Wednesday of September, (Sept. 10th, 1862), subject to the action of the Board if events should make it necessary to postpone it, which it was hoped would not be the case.

The Nominating Committee were called on for their report, and the action of the Board thereon resulted as follows.

For Orator of the Day—SAMUEL ROWE, of Boston. 1st Substitute—GEO. WING, of Bangor, Me. 2nd Substitute—DE WITT TOWSLEY, of Hartford Ct.

For Interpreter—DAVID E. BARTLETT, M. A., of Hartford, Conn.

The Secretary was directed to write to Mr. BARTLETT, informing him of his appointment, and asking his acceptance. The meetings had hitherto been free to the attendance of such Deaf Mutes as chose to come, but it was now moved and carried that the P. M. Session be a secret one to allow of the adjustment of some matters which it was not advisable to make public at present.

The President having given notice of the above.—Adjourned to 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Treasurer's Report was presented, showing a favorable state of affairs, but a

large number of delinquent subscribers and members, who are requested to pay up as soon as possible. The subject of an Executive Committee now came up. A difficulty here arose, as it appeared that the meeting could not well appoint an Executive Committee until they knew where the new editor should reside, as they must be together often. It was finally voted to appoint the editor first; and after the usual amount of discussion, GEORGE WING, of Bangor, Me., was elected to that post, and as he preferred having an assistant to provide against contingencies, HENRY W. STYLE, of Hartford, Ct., was appointed junior editor, his pay to be at the option of the senior. It may be proper here to state that Mr. WING, though now hailing from Bangor, Me., expects soon to reside in Hartford, Ct., which removes the apparent inconsistency in having the two officials reside so far apart. Both gentlemen being present, accepted the trust reposed in them, and the meeting adjourned to 9 o'clock, A. M.

Of the dinner, to which the members of the Board and other invited guests sat down shortly after adjournment, it is sufficient to say that it was all that heart could wish, and that Mr. and Mrs. Smith played the parts of host and hostess to perfection. The party broke up at a late hour perfectly satisfied with the treatment they had received.

MORNING SESSION.—Aug. 30th.

Prayer by Mr. ROWE—after which an Executive Committee were appointed in the persons of SAMUEL ROWE, of Boston, Mass., OSCAR KINSMAN, of Hartford, Ct., DE WITT TOWSLEY, of Hartford, Ct.

The subject of a Revision Committee was indefinitely postponed, as were also sundry items of no vital importance.

Resolves expressive of sympathy for the family of John C. Clark, late of Nashua, N. H., deceased, and of esteem for him as an energetic and efficient member of the Association since its organization, were passed; also votes of thanks to the "Boston Young Men's Christian Association," for the free use of the room wherein the sessions were held, and to various individuals for favors received.

The President made a few remarks, and formally adjourned the meeting to Tuesday, Sept. 9, 1862.

NOTE.—The above is necessarily an imperfect sketch of the proceedings of the meeting. Any one wishing particulars on any point, can have the same, by sending a letter of inquiry and a postage stamp to

WM. MARTIN CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary,
South Reading, Mass.

For the *Guide*.

MR. EDITOR.—The following story I send for publication, is a true one, and I think will be interesting to your readers, as I have never yet seen it in print.

EN AVANT.

JANE MORRIS.

Many years ago, there lived in a very romantic, yet picturesque part of the State of South Carolina, the widow Morris, with her two children, Charles and Jane, both of whom had the misfortune to be deaf and dumb. Being without education, and situated as they were in a wild district, abounding in all kinds of wild game, they were themselves rather wild and ungovernable young people. They were quite harmless, however, though, at times, moody and passionate.

They had a mother whose affection for them was unbounded, and whom they loved, and assisted in her household duties and care. Charles was very fond of shooting and often used to go away for whole days together with his fowling piece in pursuit of game in the woods and swamps, which were quite numerous in the region where they lived. Jane, though two years younger than her brother, was quite a wild nymph of the woods, rambling away day and night at all hours and seasons, without any fear of the wild animals and serpents with which the woods and swamps were infested. She would wade into the water after a flower, which pleased her, climb hills and penetrate the darkest recesses of the forest, without appearing to feel the slightest fear of danger.

Her mother, in order to prevent her from suffering for want of shelter, in her wanderings, caused a log hut to be built in the thickest part of a neighboring swamp, where Jane often passed the night, all alone, when prevented by the cold and rain from reaching home before nightfall.

Her strange, yet harmless character seems to have been understood by the birds and quadrupeds, who became her familiar companions. The deer, the wild turkey, the squirrel, the partridge, &c., who fly at the approach of the hunter, had no fear of Jane, but suffered her to approach and play with them. One morning, Jane and Charles, after a misunderstanding, which had lasted for several days, had quite a sharp quarrel, and gave vent to their mutual indignation by many signs and gestures, such as deaf people use. They parted in anger, and Jane, as usual, wandered away into the swamps. Charles soon after loaded his fowling piece, and started out in the same direction. At night, he returned without his sister, but all this attracted little attention, as she had heretofore been accustomed to remain out all night. Several days passed and nothing was seen or heard of Jane, till one day a hunter found her

lifeless body lying upon the cold ground. She had been shot, it was supposed by some hunter, who, aiming at a deer, missed his mark, and killed poor Jane, without knowing the mischief he was doing.

The neighbors, however, took a different view of the matter, and upon enquiry, having learned of the mother, of a misunderstanding having existed between them, and of Charles following her into the woods with his fowling piece, caused him to be arrested, and brought to answer for the malicious murder of his sister. His imprisonment and subsequent arraignment before a learned judge were strange and incomprehensible proceedings to him. It being impossible for the learned judge to make him comprehend why he was thus arraigned, his mother was called upon to see what she could do.

After much tedious explanation, she finally got him to understand the whole matter, when, all with a sudden, he uttered a shriek of terrible intelligence, which thrilled through the whole assembly, and leaped from the prisoner's dock, clearing every obstacle before him, darted across the intervening space, bounded headlong up the steps to the judge's bench, and fastened his arms around the judge's neck, denying in many convulsive sobs his guilt, declaring that he loved his sister too well to give her pain;—and as for the bad, black heart of which he was accused, he made signs of flinging it from him with aversion and horror.

His mute eloquence was effectual. The whole court was in tears. The lawyer employed for his defence feeling that the voice of nature was more convincing than words, wisely declined to utter a word. The judge charged the jury in his favor, and the poor deaf and dumb boy was fully acquitted.

It has never yet been known by whose hand poor Jane was deprived of life. It may still be, that as above stated, she was accidentally and ignorantly shot by some hunter. The story is in all, but the fictitious names, literally true.

For the *Guide*.

Deaf and Dumb Poets. No. 2.

PELISSIER.

Some twenty-five years since, a young man who had been educated in the Institution for deaf mutes at Toulouse, in France, under the celebrated Abbe Chazottes, began to attract attention by his contributions in verse to the public journals. About the year 1844, having, in the mean time been appointed a professor (teacher) in the Institution of Paris, he collected his pieces in a volume, which appeared under the title of "Poésies d'un Sourd-muet." A smaller edition with the title "Choix de poésies d'un Sourd-muet," (Selections from the poems of a deaf mute,) we have before us. It is without date, but probably appeared about 1849. In the Introduction to the larger volume, written by a literary man, M. Laurent de Jussieu, who happened to be conversant with the deaf and dumb and their languages, judging from extracts given in a notice of Morel's *Annales*, the theory is laid down that the language of gestures is naturally the most poetical of all languages; and hence that all deaf mutes are in some measure poets in their own language. This may be; but the difficulty of acquiring the full command of written language necessary to poetical expression is so great that I believe Mr. Carlin is the only deaf mute from birth who has written verses. Pellissier is like Nack, a semi-mute, according to the testimony of Dr. Peet, in his Report on European Institutions, (1851.) Dr. Peet adds that "his verses are pronounced by competent judges to be harmonious and spirited;" and that, "Mr. Pellissier, in addition to his poetical talents, is a very skilful mimic, and is regarded as the best sign maker among the Parisian teachers."

Though, according to this account, in itself highly probable, Pellissier learned language in childhood through the ear, like Nack and other deaf mute poets or rhymers; the fact seems to be wholly ignored in the introduction to his poems. The French are rather apt to disregard exactness of statement for the sake of effect; and as most people, reading the title, "poems of a deaf mute," would take it for granted that the deaf mute was such from birth, and that there was a proof of the triumph of science and benevolence in the education of that once degraded class of human beings, they are allowed to remain under this delusion. To explain that the author differs from other men only in the accidental loss of hearing, after speech had been acquired, would weaken the sensation, and diminish the success of the volume.

We could wish to present to our readers some specimens of Pellissier's poetry; but we suppose few of them can appreciate French verse, and we have no translations. One of his justest and most striking similes is that on the last page of his volume in which he modestly likens his poems to one of those meteors that now and then shoot out from among the stars, attracting a brief notice, but soon forgotten.

TEACHING DEAF MUTES TO SPEAK.

MR. EDITOR.—I notice by an editorial article in your August number, that you give as one of the main reasons for having a new school for deaf mutes in Massachusetts, that the German system of instruction for deaf mutes is better than ours, and ought to be introduced into this country. Have you read Mr. Day's two Reports on the schools of Germany, and the articulating schools of Holland and Paris? If not, I counsel you to read his second Report, which you will find annexed to the last Report of the New York Institution. After reading it, you can hardly fail to see that the imperfect articulation of deaf mutes, and the reading words by the movements of the lips, are, in most cases, very tedious and uncertain modes of communication, for which the deaf and dumb will never voluntarily relinquish their rapid and graceful mode of communicating by gestures.

Livingston, August, 1861.

J. R. B.

The instruction of deaf mutes in articulation has never been persistently or fairly tried in this country. Let it be done. What can we, Americans, not accomplish. We don't say that all can be taught to articulate, but we do say that a good proportion can; but what we insist particularly upon is the dispensation with the language of signs which we call a relic of the Semi-civilized ages.—EDITOR.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR—In the August number of the Guide, Raphael Palette, with most imperturbable gravity, utters the following:

An Irish family emigrates to this country. A son settles his home at the North, and another son, at the South. Children and grand-children are born to them, and, Mr. Senex will please mark it, bear much less of the Irish characteristics in their lineaments; and, remarkable to say, the Northerners do not in the least resemble the Southerners, though they both descended from the same parent stock. Whence came this difference? From the effect of the climates in which they live. So Mr. Senex will be able to trace the causes of the negro's thick lips, flat nose and projecting heels.

I fully grant the correctness of R. P.'s conclusions in the case; but instead of one of the sons settling in the South among the mixed white and colored population, suppose he settle on some island or in some country in a similarly southern latitude where are negroes. Mr. P. will, I think, admit that climate will have very little effect on his posterity. In our school days geographers and historians told us, with all the innocence of ignorance, that color was owing to climate. They who compile books for children are not apt to be profound thinkers nor greatly given to generalizing, and this, doubtless, may account for what, in more mature age, we learn to consider as their blunders. The Greenland bear is white, and if color depends on climate the Esquimaux and their dogs ought likewise to be of snowy whiteness, while in the torrid zone animals, men included, and vegetation ought to be of dark color corresponding in degree to the degree of heat, of their locality. Half the gettters up of school books and more than half the teachers the world over are most inveterate noodles. They do not lack knowledge, such as it is, and opportunity, but brains; but enough of them.

Mr. Palette gives a few more thrusts at "the Georgian Bucephalus" and suggests Boothia in the Arctic regions as a suitable place for the prospective colony which Mr. Flournoy has so long been nursing in imagination. I stand in somewhat intimate relations with Mr. Booth and will take the liberty to quote from a letter of his on this point. He says: "I observe in the last Guide that Rap. Palette indulges in some fancy observations on my name. Now I have not the slightest objections to his and Flournoy's settling on my farm at Boothia or at the North Pole, and I will make them a present free-gratis for nothing of both, but I shall insist that they petition their legislature to substitute the name of Palettia or Flournoia for Boothia. Let the two madmen mount their Bucephalus, one behind the other, cross land and ice and settle their quarrel in that delightful paradise of eternal snow."

I may tell you, Mr. Editor, by the way, that Mr. B's farm in the distant region which he so gruffly resigns to our friends, is a delightful one. I visited it but recently and found the owner (Mr. B.) residing in an elegant three story mansion, the walls and roof of ice, and doors and windows of sheet ice. The furniture also, chairs, tables, bedsteads, bookcases and even lookingglasses, are of ice. There is an iciness and a frigid iciness of beauty all around, and it is a really pleasant home. His bookcases are filled and the centre table of his parlor is covered with books and newspapers. His farm and garden—the soil is snow!—produce most luxuriantly of fruits and vegetables which botanists never heard of, and he counts his herds of bisons by thousands. Elk, wild ducks and other game are abundant and so tame that they do not need to be hunted. It is but two months since I accompanied the owner of this place on a trip to the North Pole. We travelled by a balloon, and, as the country had the flag fever, we nailed an immense American flag to the Pole at the distance of a few hundred miles from the earth, and there it floats and waves as it moves through circumambient space, the wonder and admiration of the inhabitants of surrounding worlds.

Let us have the Tattler's papers on the subject of education and domestic management in our institutions for deaf-mutes. Hitherto I have said nothing on the subject of multiplying institutions of the kind, because not satisfied that the remedy would be better than the disease. Neither the public who support nor the Directors who immediately control these institutions fully understand the matter. The Directors of some of our institutions, however respectable and intelligent they may be in other respects, are most pitably ignorant on points which they ought to understand. The selection of a Principal—the head of the school and chief of the Faculty—is the

pivot on which success or failure turns, and occasionally we see a "Patterson and a McDowell" where we ought to have a Banks and a McClellan. In the case of armies a battle will expose the incompetency of the commander, but the world does not understand the silent language, and years go by before it knows it has an incompetent Principal and consequent incompetent or indifferent teachers. No man of small or shallow brain, no matter what his experience, is capable of carrying forward successfully a great project requiring fertility and variety of thought, for though he may seem to succeed he is in fact a failure. This subject is a delicate one, and probably will not be fully understood until another generation. Lyman Beecher as head of Lane Seminary and Horace Mann as president of Antioch College, are samples of what are required as chief superintendents of our institutions for deaf-mutes, and such men are not to be found every day save by taking a wide range of search. I will not mention any one institution of the present time, but the old New York school under Mr. Loof-borrow of thirty or more years ago, was an instance as under an incompetent Principal, and hobbled along, so to speak, several years before the controlling powers learned that a change was necessary to bring it up to the ordinary standard of respectability, which they effected by the selection of Dr. Peet.

In this paper I have described, in some measure, Mr. Booth's residence and surroundings in the Arctic regions, and it suggests to me an idea which I wish to communicate. Suppose "Reynard" R. P., or any other good or tolerably good writer among the fraternity, should chance to make a trip to, and give a call on, President Brown, or any of our well known old friends, in distant and out-of-the-way places, would it not be allowable for the visitor to write out and publish in the Guide a word-picture of their respective residences and surroundings? Of course due care would be necessary that none of the proprieties be violated and that no offence be given, and the editor of the Guide should possess unlimited authority to expunge or suppress whatever in his judgment he might deem inadvisable to place in print. The letters of N. P. Willis, describing men of note and the *etceteras*, are good examples in this line.

In closing let me express a hope that ere long, Mr. Flournoy will return from the South West, that he will have left his Bucephalus behind him, and that he will send for publication in the Guide his budget of travels, adventures and hair-brained escapades in the land of Secession. With his facility at using the pen it would read like romance; could he only keep his pestilent old hobby out of sight. SENEX.

For the Guide.

The Tattler.

LETTER XVIII.

MR. EDITOR—Remarkable events have transpired in our country since I wrote the last letter. Of them, the battle at Bull Run is the most remarkable. Disasters such as that conflict was to our arms, it has indeed proved beneficial to our government, whereas our army was, in a strictly military point of view, not as well organized as it should be, and therefore needed reorganization at the hands of more competent officers. It will be seen that the inglorious defeat, over which all loyal Americans are mourning, has brought in quick time the desideratum. Major-General McClellan, now at the head of the Potomac Army, is pushing with possible vigor all that is needful for ensuring our ultimate success.

While we acknowledge our defeat, we would do our brave men injustice by not saying that they fought with a valor that astonished the enemy, who used to consider the Southerners far superior to the Northerners in valor and prowess.

According to Gen. McDowell's report, only 18,000 men out of his army were in action, and worked incessantly for several hours, without rest or eating. Laboring under the disadvantages, arising from the oppressive rays of a tropical sun, from their personal exposure to the rebel batteries and cavalry, and from their numerical inferiority, they fought their way to the nearest batteries and captured four. The New York Fire Zouaves annihilated the "Black Horse Cavalry,"—the pride and boast of Virginia;—the "glorious 69th" (Irish) decimated Col. Wade Hampton's Legion, in which there is much reason to believe that our old mute friend, William Howell, of South Carolina, was actively engaged in cleaving hard Hibernian skulls,—he being a relative of that colonel. By the way, a Southern paper says that Col. Hampton swore revenge for the death of his nephew by the 69th, and accordingly, killed Col. Cameron, of the 79th, whom he mistook for Col. Corcoran, of the 69th. It is hoped that Mr. Howell is not the unfortunate relative referred to.

As to the exact number of the enemy in action, the Southern papers are endeavoring to underestimate it, in order to enhance their victory in the eyes of their credulous dupes; but, judging from the fact that the rebel loss (the killed) was twice if not thrice as great as the Federal loss, notwithstanding the positions of ground, and batteries favorable to the rebels' movements and protection against harm, the number could not be less than 30,000, to say nothing of the fresh reinforcements from various rebel camps.

Contradictory are the assumptions concerning the true cause of the singular panic which followed the retreat, ordered by the

Commandant, on seeing Gen. Johnson's men—a fresh reinforcement—appearing in a wood, evidently to outflank our already exhausted men. So I shall not trouble my readers with any idle conjectures; but I know one certain thing: this is that the panic was a stroke of Providence, for some object in view. Likely we shall ere long know it, and render thanks to Him for the safe return of our men to Washington.

The battle of Bull Run promises to occupy in the pages of history as one, remarkable for its originality of strategic tactics and for its results salutary to both the parties.

It is likely that the victory which the rebels won will make an impression on England as well as France, as to their strength, and the justice of their cause; and, unless those nations are not green horns, as Yancey & Co. seem to take them for, they may think about that the object of the Federal government in this war will prove hopeless, and therefore the blockade should be raised. True, John Bull loves money and wants cotton for his mills; to obtain the desired staple, he seeks, by insinuations, entreaties and even threats, to make us of the North acknowledge the independence of the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Bull doesn't care a straw about our honor; but obtain cotton he must, for the growls of his starving spinners grate quite harshly his sensitive ears. He courts our patronage and grain; he abominates slavery as much as Wendell Phillips does; but have nothing else than cotton he must, even by shameful artifices. Jeff. Davis & Co., knowing Mr. Bull's hankering after their fleecy plant, feel sure of their ultimate success and triumph. With his characteristic cupidity and duplicity, the old sinner is not a man to be fooled. While gazing with moist eyes at cotton bales lying idly at the Southern ports, he listens like a sensible man to the cogent reasonings of Hon. Seward, through his accredited ambassador, against his favoring the Southern pretensions, and so far as I have learned, keeps himself aloof from the strife,—he saying that neutrality is the best policy.

Having as much faith in the ability of our Secretary of State, to prevent foreign interference, as in that of Gen. McClellan to crush the great conspiracy, I do not hesitate to say that foreign nations will not involve themselves in our family jars. And knowing Mr. Seward personally, and the characteristics of his mind, I venture to assert that he allows nothing to go amiss; and, ever vigilant and mindful of the glory of his country, he will always strive to constrain the nations from such actions with the Southern Confederacy as may prove detrimental to their commercial interests.

The measures, which the extra session of Congress has just adopted, are very good, and will, doubtless, hasten to close the civil war. Our National debt will be very large; but the resources of our country will from year to year diminish it. On the contrary, the debt of the *soi-disant* Southern Confederacy, being already heavy and rapidly on the increase, will remain unpaid probably till the judgment day. On this point I may err, for, in the course of circumstances, it may turn out that our future masters—perhaps sovereigns—will be the successors of Jefferson Davis; the Southern institution (slavery) will be implanted in our midst, and our resources in their hands, to liquidate their debts,—without relieving us of ours. What a sickening prospect! Will their prospect come to be a reality? I trust God will not allow it to do so.

The events abroad are not very remarkable. The Sultan of Turkey is dead, and his brother succeeds him, and promises to be a better sovereign than the dead "Sick Gentleman." Cavour, the great statesman of Sardinia, is dead; Garibaldi is still quiet at his island home; Victor Emanuel continues to minister to the wants of his Italian subjects, and suppress brigandism in Naples. Hungary and Poland are restless, and may shortly rise to revolt against their imperial taskmasters. After many hollow professions of friendship, England is beginning to show a cold shoulder to France, and howl over the proposed annexation of Sardinia Proper to France. The poor Pope is really a "Sick Gentleman." The world is sinful, very.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

August, 1861.

A much esteemed correspondent writes: "Participate much pleasure from Rap. Palette's papers, on management, &c., of our institutions. I am glad the Guide is prospering. It has become a necessity and stands as an independent means of communicating between the institutions and the world at large. In other words, it acts as an interpreter between the two, and, being in the hands of the alumni, who are engaged in their various callings, and scattered among the masses of mankind. It is likely to be impartial, which cannot be always said of the Reports of Asylums. It will result in much good. I incline to agree with you in the establishment of an institution in Massachusetts, and I am confident it will be done. The Hartford Directors are too sleepy altogether and Massachusetts is a live and wealthy State; but I will not speak openly at present."

A welcome correspondent writes:

"Last week a friend lent me the August number of the Gallaudet Guide, for a few minutes. I see you again agitate the question of establishing a mute school within the limits of Massachusetts. You are, in Western phrase, 'sound on the goose.' I hope you will do all the good for which opportunity may offer in the premises. The more the matter is examined, the more imperative seem to be the reasons for such an establishment. A visit to the largest schools for the deaf-dumb and the blind, will convince any one of the injurious effects

arising from a crowded school, especially for the can't speak folks. Children so crowded, and, as a necessary consequence, involved in petty quarrels, generally find considerable difficulty in learning lessons. Let us have a small school with a family small in proportion to its dimensions, and ere long we will see springing up many Darlington, Conrads, Carlins and Booths. I speak from acquaintance. When the Hartford school was in its infancy, and not so crowded as it now is, Loring, Booth, Backus, and some others came out, pre-eminent for their moral, religious and scientific attainments; literally verifying the old saying that 'from acorns grow big oaks.' A small school, then, is best. Why on earth do the hearing-speaking folks of Hartford resist the efforts of their former pupils to establish a school within the limits of a single State, for the education of their class, when Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island—five States in all—furnish their Asylums with pupils upon the foundation of the State Treasury? Even Rhode Island ought to have a mute school erected within its limits, as also Delaware, for the reason that a small school for the deaf-dumb in particular, is absolutely necessary to their success in all that pertains to the moral and social virtues as a class. All we, deaf-mutes, want is a small school conducted on the PRINCIPLES OF LAURENT CLERC. His (Clerc's) paper on deaf-mute instruction, read before the convention of the Teachers of the deaf-dumb, several years ago, is a document of infinite value, not only to the teachers but to the managers of the mute schools on both sides of the Atlantic. Let the friends of education, throughout the country, have it in pamphlet form, for future reference."

Died.

In Nashua, N. H., Aug. 7th, John C. Clark, a deaf-mute, aged 49 years, 6 months and 26 days. In him we lose a kind husband, brother, neighbor and friend. He was beloved by all who knew him, for his Christian virtues, at home, in the shop, or abroad, he was always the same. Trusting in God he expressed his willingness to go and be at rest.

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!"

"Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet,
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venom'd sting."

"Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whence waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power."

"Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high."

"Asleep in Jesus! time no space
Debars this precious 'hiding place';
On Indian plains, or Lapland snows,
Believers find the same repose."

Visit to Cambridge Arsenal.

Last Sunday, we gave an account of a visit to Alger's Foundry in South Boston, where nearly all the industry of a vast establishment is brought into operation for the manufacture of arms and munitions of war. There are other places in the vicinity of our city, and within sight of the capitol, interesting for similar reasons which induced our visit to South Boston—namely, because in them we find the active preparations for war. To an industrious community like ours, where every person works, with brain or muscle, much of war's expenses are paid to the people themselves, and they are consequently relieved from that distress which might be occasioned by a check in general business, if not an entire cessation of some of the arts of peace. For an instance of the flexibility of our industry, it may be mentioned that nimble-handed type-setters of both sexes, newspapers having failed to furnish them employment, are now quite cheerfully engaged in making cartridges for the army, and are doing comparatively well.

One day of the last week, one of us made a journey across the bridge to the State Arsenal, in Cambridge. It is as dull a place as one may find, even in Cambridge, when our merchants are full of business, and our harbors white with ships that carry messages of peace abroad to the nations. Situated on a quiet street, under the spreading tops of some of those fine old trees whose brothers make the "classic shades" of Harvard, and country-ward from the Common, where the sound of a carriage is almost an intrusion, the arsenal has for years protected the war property of the State without being known to many except by name. It is under the charge of Col. E. W. Stone, Master of the State Ordnance Department, a remarkable man for knowledge of details in his business, in this curious year of our Lord.

When Gen. Stone was Adjutant-General of the State, which he was for several years, that office, established on a peace footing, comprehended the Quarter-master-Generalship, and the Master of Ordnance also, which is a branch of the latter. The General did not find the office a gratuitous honor. He became familiar with every part of it, and took especial pride and pleasure in the ordnance department, frequently visiting the arsenal, and arranging every part of it with as much interest as a farmer feels in his growing crops and

cattle, or a miser in his dollars. We have often heard of his enthusiasm when he sometimes took friends with him and pointed out to them the bits and scraps and beginnings which were full of meaning to him.

When Gen. Stone was appointed to his present place, everybody who knew anything about it, said it was "the right man in the right place," and the result verifies the popular decision. A happier or more industrious officer cannot be found between the seas, and the drafts of the war on his department are always honored at sight. Indeed, he keeps ahead of any possible demand for our troops, with a proper eye to economy and availability.

We entered the yard of the arsenal, and found that the ancient and sleepy appearance of the grounds had been enlivened by articles of late manufacture and abundance which denoted activity, and in some cases betokened haste. Here were the old iron field pieces, guarding the door-way, whose mouths have been long closed with cracked and dozy tompons, and whose sides are blistered through successive coats of paint; the pyramids of solid shot, destined rather to show the character of the grounds than to take a flight from a cannon mouth—in short, the "home-guard" of cannon balls; and the old gun-carriages, now scarcely fit for the pebbled Virginia roads, or the rough bridges of Manassas. But among the old landmarks were new wagons, new tents, new guns, new shot, new shell—boxes of muskets going out to the mustering regiments or returning from the heavy dews of a three month's campaign, unnecessarily venerable in appearance; huge piles of equipments, sorted and counted, to be ready at a moment's notice, and boxes of ammunition prepared for our troops along the line of the great Union battle. We noticed them as we found them, each article in its place.

In the arsenal yard and a field adjoining are about two hundred wagons, all ready to be harnessed into and sent away. What can be done with so many, we do not pretend to know. Twenty is a large allowance for a regiment, and some of ours have gone forward with only fifteen. This number makes the baggage train of a large army cumbersome enough in all conscience. (Witness the miles of canvas-topped wagons at Manassas.) These wagons are rather better than those first sent on, the bodies are framed, and the timber looks well enough, but the tops are miserable shams, which jolt apart, when the wagon is loaded on rocky roads. The centre pole at the top is fastened to the hoops without nut or clinch, and it soon works out. It would be economy to have them all secured before they go. They are much lighter and less substantial than the United States wagons found in use in the army, and if the material made up here, could have been put into half as many at the same price, the Military Committee of the Executive Council would have made a better bargain for the State with their particular friend. These wagons cost \$125 each, and wagons suitable for the purpose would be reasonable at that price. Other States have been imposed upon, but we are sorry that so many have been made for us before we grew wiser by experience.

The manufacture of cartridges is rather interesting. The force here was engaged upon those for the Enfield guns at the time of our visit. The bullets—similar to those used in the Minie rifle, only not so sharp at the conical end—are cast in New York, packed in sawdust, and sent here and to other places where cartridges are made. They are made by bringing a "great pressure" to bear upon the lead, which it cannot stand. The steel foot of the weight leaves an elongated ball, with a hole in one end, and a cone on the other. These balls are separated from the sawdust and put singly through a machine of the exact size wanted, which scrapes off any accidental enlargement of their diameter. They are then stuck on little frames for convenience's sake, and dipped half their length—the blunt and hollow half—into a mixture of oil and beeswax, for the same reason that shells similarly shaped and fitted to cartridges are lubricated in like manner—to make them work easy, and to allow a pleasant divorce of the ball from the powder case.

They are then taken up stairs, and served as follows:—One class of workmen take nearly square pieces of paper, make a cylindrical case of them around a round stick, fastening the end of the paper with paste. The stick and cylinder are then placed on another piece of paper, a ball is seized, its blunt end brought against the end of the cylinder in which the stick still remains, and rolled tightly up, the last paper lapping over the first half its size. The paper at the end of the ball is then closed by a round-turn from a piece of twine secured at one end and seized at the other by the workman, and fastened in its place by two or three turns and a knot with thread, from a spool near by, which has a knife by its side to cut the thread. The cylinders, open at one end, with a ball in the other, are deposited as they are made in boxes, open end out. Small boys charge them with powder through small tunnels and by little dippers of proper

size. The other end of the paper is closed by another workman, another packs them in bundles of ten, and still another stows away these bundles in boxes a foot square. The work here is done by men and boys, and the smartest workmen are two deaf and dumb men, who are never disturbed by the conversation of their fellows. There are several printers employed here, and all the workmen learn to be very expert. The capacity of the establishment amounts to the production of more than 20,000 a day. There are now on hand 240,000, awaiting shipment. At the United States Arsenal in Watertown, where they are now making buck and ball cartridges, 350 hands are employed of both sexes, and the number produced is much greater than at Cambridge.

After examining some field pieces and caissons recently mounted and made, we looked through the building containing small arms and equipments. We found here four thousand Windsor rifles, one thousand of which have been altered and fitted with sword bayonets. These have heavy barrels, about six inches shorter than the Minie or Enfield, for which reason none have been given out. They would evidently be most efficient for shooting, as they would not heat easily or warp, two great difficulties with all our light guns. The 16th Regiment had just been furnished with Enfield rifles, which has a stronger bayonet and stock than the Minie or Springfield, but an inferior barrel. More of these are coming forward every day, as well as from Springfield, as they are wanted. The muskets which have just returned from the wars are going through a thorough process of cleaning, and will soon be effective arms again. On the floor was a pile of bayonets which had been "tested off" the guns of the 14th Regiment while at Fort Warren. These guns were just from Springfield, and in the fragments we examined not an old crack or a flaw in the metal was to be seen. There were over a hundred bayonets in one pile which had been broken or bent or spoiled, all of which should be charged to the officers who authorized, ignorantly or maliciously, such a destruction of property. Gen. Stone will send a true account of the affair to Gen. Ripley, of the United States Ordnance Department, as the guns belonged to the United States.

Of equipments there are thousands of sets on hand more than can be used. The several contracts for making them have amounted to about 70,000 sets, and 10,000 have been purchased in England in addition to the above. There are 12,000 sets of American and 2000 of English manufacture now in the Arsenal, ready for the soldiers, and 8000 from England and 50,000 from our own manufacturers are to come. Those in the arsenal are packed out in regimental lots and boxed up, ready to be delivered for future generations.

There are many things of interest in the arsenal—relics of old-time soldiering—drums which cannot be beat in this age, trumpets and bugles which can never rally again, artillery boots too long and artillery swords too short, cavalry equipments and powder boxes, and a hundred quaint and curious things worthy of a place in an old curiosity shop. But to day the mementoes of the past are likely to be over-looked and forgotten in the life and bustle of the present, while relics and history are made together.—*Boston Herald*, Aug. 21.

PLEASANT TO TOBACCO CHEWERS.—A letter from Petersburg, Virginia, to the *Schenectady Star* gives the following delightful description of the manner of preparing chewing tobacco in that region:

"Commence on the upper floor, which is as dirty as a cow stable. In the corners are large heaps of tobacco. At one end is a large cauldron into which is put liquorice, rum and tonca bean. On one side of the room is a large space, like a mortar bed, into which is put the weed, to be sprinkled with the above decoction. Two or three darkies are stirring the tobacco up with their feet, so that all portions may become equally saturated.

"After this operation it is dried upon poles over head, until it is fit for working in the room below.

"On the second story, the leaf is divested of its stem by numerous black women and children. It is then, in a supple state, made into rolls an inch or two inches in diameter, and of any required length.

"On the ground floor, the rolls are squeezed into plugs, and carefully packed for transportation to the tobacco-loving people of the north. Some may think part of this description highly colored, but it is literally a true account of what I saw more than once; and if what I heard be true, the drugs and filth are hardly half portrayed.

"It might be supposed that people here do not chew, but this is not so; almost everybody does—but then they chew the clear leaf. And it is worthy of remark that the hands engaged in these factories make no account of throwing their spittle and their cuds into heap for a second mastication."

A girl recently stole a pair of gloves giving as a reason that she only wished to keep her hand in.

suddenly, she caught her husband's gaze fixed on her, troubled, anxious, mournful, and dropping her needle-work, she sprang, by a sudden impulse, into his arms, and wept long and uncontrollably on his bosom, the tears of her husband mingling freely with her own. No word was spoken by either for some minutes, but in that mingling of tears, that proffered and accepted kiss, and the mute caresses that followed, pardon was asked and granted, and a reconciliation effected. Mr. Ross was the first to speak.

"Kitty, do you still love me?"

"Inexpressibly!"

"In spite of every thing—every thing!"

"Yes, Henry; in spite of every thing! but you should have confided in me—you should have told me all."

"Would you blame the criminal for postponing the confession which would doom him to death?"

"A confession from your lips would have wrought no more harm than the same thing from those of another. I ought not to have heard this—this painful story from another. Have you known since our marriage that Maria Harley resided in the city?"

"Yes."

"Did you recognize her that morning when she called?"

"Yes."

"I understand your fainting fit now."

There was a momentary silence, and then she added, very softly, "Maria Harley died last night, and will be buried this afternoon. Thank God, she is at rest! I have made all necessary preparations for her burial."

"Kitty," said Mr. Ross, pressing her close to his heart, and choking with emotion, "you are one woman among a thousand; I doubt if there is another like you. I have deserved your scorn and hate."

"We will not talk of it, Henry; it has almost wrecked our happiness—but she, when dying, forgave you, and enjoined me to do so also. The world held her in small esteem, but neither you nor I reach to the stature of her excellence."

"Where is the boy?" asked Mr. Ross, faintly, and with hesitation.

"At his home, where he will remain until after the funeral."

With moistened eyes but lighter hearts, they separated—one to business, the other to the house of death.

The funeral over, Mrs. Ross returned home, bringing little Harry with her, whom she led straight to her husband's library, where she knew he was writing. "Henry," she said, leading the handsome boy to his father's knee, "when Maria Harley was dying, I promised to be a mother to her child, to adopt him into my family, and rear him as my son. You cannot refuse to do less for your own son. Harry," she continued, with motherly tenderness, stooping to caress the little fellow, "this gentleman is your father, and now that your mother has gone to heaven, I am to be your mother. Will you be our little boy?"

The child did not immediately reply, but laying one hand in hers, turned with an inquiring look to Mr. Ross. A crimson flush mounted to his brow for an instant, suffusing his face, and then fading away into a sickly whiteness—and opening his arms to the child who sprang within them, he lifted him on his knee, pressed him to his heart, saying, "my dear child!" The flood-gates of long-restrained tears were then unsealed, and he wept as his wife had never before seen him.

"Kitty," he said, when calmer, "have you thought how this child in our family will render you the subject of gossip, the theme of scandal—how it will increase your care, and multiply your anxieties?"

"I accept the labor, and I do not care for the gossip. There is but one right way for us to take—that way we have chosen, and I am content to let consequences alone."

"What a woman you are, Kitty!" the husband replied, drawing her to him; "you are one of a thousand; the noblest, loftiest, best of womankind!"

Shaving A Millionaire.

Let any man become immensely wealthy by his own exertions, and straightway you shall hear numerous anecdotes illustrating the means by which he attained his riches, the effect they have upon him, his disposition of them, or his sayings, peculiarities and eccentricities.

Astor, Girard and Billy Gray have furnished illustrations for many a clever sketcher. We heard a few clever anecdotes the other day of Billy Gibbons, a New Jersey millionaire, one of which we will give our readers.

It seems that Billy, while in a country village in which he owned some property, stepped into a barber's shop to get shaved. The shop was full of customers, and the old gentleman quietly waited for his turn.

A customer who was under the barber's hands when the old man came in, asked the "knight of the razor," in an undertone, if he knew who that was, and on receiving a negative reply, he informed him, in a whisper, it was "old Billy Gibbons, the richest man in the State."

"Gad," said the barber, "I'll charge him for his shave."

Accordingly, after the old man had had that operation performed, he was somewhat surprised, upon asking the price, to be told—"seventy-five cents."

"Seventy-five cents!" said he, quietly, "isn't that rather a high price?"

"It's my price," said he of the lather-brush independently, "and as this is the only barber's shop in the place, them as comes into it must pay what I ask."

To the old man this was evidently a knock-down argument, for he drew three-quarters of a dollar from his pocket, and paid them over to the barber, and left the shop.

A short time after he was in close conversation with the landlord of a tavern hard by, and the topic of conversation—"barber's shops."

"Why is it," said he, "there's only one barber's shop in town? there seems to be nearly enough work for two."

"Well, there used to be two," said the landlord, "till last winter, when this new man came up from the city and opened a new shop, and as everything in it was fresh and new, folks sort of deserted Bill Harrington's shop, which had been going for nigh fourteen years."

"But didn't this Bill do good work? didn't he shave well, and—cheap?"

"Well, as for that," said the landlord, "Bill did his work well enough and cheap enough, but his shop wasn't on the Main street like the new one, and didn't have so many pictures and handsome curtains, and folks got in the way of thinking the new chap was more scientific and brought more city fashions with him, though, to tell the truth," said the landlord, stroking a chin sown with a beard resembling screen wire, "I never want a lighter touch, or a keener razor, than Bill Harrington's."

"City fashions—eh?" growled the old man. "So the new man's city fashions shut up the other barber's shop?"

"Well, not exactly," said the landlord, "though things never did seem to go well with Bill after the new shop opened—first one of his little children died of a fever, then his wife was sick a long time, and Bill had a big bill to pay at the Doctor's, then as a last misfortune his shop burned down one night, tools, brushes, furniture and all, and no insurance."

"Well," said the old man pettily, "why don't he start again?"

"Start again!" said the communicative landlord, "why, bless your soul, he hasn't got anything to start with."

"H—m—m! Where does this man live?" asked the old man.

He was directed, and ere long was in conversation with the unfortunate tonsor, who corroborated the landlord's story.

"Why don't you take a new shop," said the old man, "there's a new one in the block right opposite the other barber's shop."

"What!" said the other, "you must be crazy. Why that block belongs to old Billy Gibbons; he'd never let one of these stores for a barber's shop; they are a mighty sight too good, besides that I haven't got twenty dollars in the world to fit it up with."

"You don't know old Billy Gibbons as well as I do," said the other. "Now listen to me. If you can have that shop all fitted up rent free, what will you work in it for by the month?—what is the least you can live on?"

This proposition somewhat startled the unfortunate hair-dresser, who finally found words to stammer out that, perhaps, twelve or fifteen dollars a month would be about enough.

"Pshaw!" said the old man, "that won't do,—now listen to me,—I'll give you that store, rent free one year, and engage your services six months, all on these conditions. You are to shave and cut hair for everybody that applies to you, and take no pay; just charge it all to me, and for your services I'll pay you twenty dollars a month, payable in advance—pay to commence now," continued he, placing two ten dollar notes on the table before the astonished barber,—who it is almost unnecessary to state, accepted the proposition, and who was still more surprised to learn that it was Billy Gibbons himself who had hired him.

In a few days the inhabitants of that village were astonished by the appearance of a splendid new barber's shop, far surpassing the other in elegance of appointments, and in which, with new mugs, soaps, razors and perfumes, stood a barber and assistant ready to do duty on the heads and beards of the people. Over the door was inscribed, Wm. Harrington, *Shaving and Hair Dressing Saloon*.

The people were not long in ascertaining or slow in availing themselves of the privileges of this establishment, and it is not to be wondered that it was crowded and the other deserted. The other held out some weeks, suspecting this free shaving—for Bill kept his secret well—was but a dodge to entice customers away, who would soon be charged as usual; but when at the end of six weeks he found Billy working away as usual, charging not a cent for his labor, and having money to spend into the bargain, he came to the conclusion that he must have drawn a prize in the lottery, or stumbled upon a gold mine, and was keep-

ing a barber's shop in fun, so he closed his shop in despair, and left the place.

Meanwhile "Bill Harrington" kept on busy as a bee, and one fine morning his employer stepped in and without a word, sat down and was shaved; on rising from his chair he asked to see the score for the six months past. The barber exhibited it, and after a careful calculation, the old man said:

"Plenty of customers, eh?"

"Lots of 'em," said the barber; "never did such a business in my life!"

"Well," replied Money Bags, "you have kept the account well. I see I've paid you one hundred and twenty dollars for services—all right,—and there are three hundred and thirty charged for all shaving that applied; now, this furniture cost one hundred and eight dollars; balance due you, one hundred and two dollars. Here it is. Now you own this furniture, and are to have this shop rent free six months longer, and after to-day you are to charge the regular price for work, for your pay from me stops to-day."

This of course the barber gladly assented to.

"But," said the old man, on leaving, "take care you never cheat a man by charging ten times the usual price for a shave; for it may be another old Billy Gibbons."—*Commercial Bulletin*.

A Scene in a Jury Room.

A THRILLING STORY.

I once had the extreme felicity of leaving my business to serve upon "the jury." I pleaded in all manner of ways for release, but to no effect. I could not swear that I was deaf, nor blind, nor yet *non compos*, but did tell them that I had already formed an opinion. They asked me if my opinion would prevent me from receiving the testimony in good faith and rendering a verdict according to it. I replied that of course I should weigh the evidence carefully, and be governed by it. I was then informed that I "would do."

The case to be tried was one of arson—then a capital offence—and the prisoner at the bar was a young man, named Charles Ambold, whom I had known from boyhood, and who was naturally one of the finest youths of the town where he resided. He had a widowed mother who depended upon him for support, and his circle of friends was large and choice. I was morally certain that he did not commit the crime, and hence, I am sure, those who were friendly to him got me on the panel, and had me retained.

The trial commenced, and we twelve men took our seats in the jury box. I had a very respectable set with me—only there was one man whom I didn't like to see there. This man was Moulton Warren. He was a dark-faced sinister-looking fellow—at least to me. I know that young Ambold had one fault. He had recently been addicted to drink, and had been known to visit disreputable houses. It was one of those houses that had been burned, for setting fire to which he had been apprehended.

Now I had often tried to persuade Charles Ambold from the course he was pursuing. He had repeatedly promised me that he would reform, and as repeatedly had he broken away; I had often talked to him of his poor mother until he had wept like a child; but the effect was not lasting. There was a power of temptation more effective than any influence I could wield. He would fall away into this evil companionship, and for a while his manhood was gone. One or two abandoned women had gained great power over him, and upon them he wasted much of his substance.

And I knew that this very man who was now upon the jury—this Moulton Warren—was the one who had done more than all others to lead the poor youth away. It was Warren who had drunk with him, and who had led him away to those more abominable haunts of sin and pollution. Why was he upon the jury? I could only account for it upon the ground that Charley still supposed him to be his friend. The poor scorched insect was still ignorant of the flame that scorched him. He really believed that Moulton Warren was his friend.

The trial commenced. The indictment set forth that Charles Ambold had, "with malice aforethought," and with all sorts of wicked and felonious intents, set fire to a certain dwelling house, thereby endangering human life. This dwelling, as I have already intimated, was a low sink of iniquity, where the abandoned of both sexes were wont to congregate, and where the youthful prisoner had spent much of his time.

The evidence for the prosecution came on and I was startled. One after another gave in their testimony, some of them very reluctantly, and I was frightened when I saw how plainly it all pointed to the prisoner as the guilty party. Several credible witnesses swore that they had heard him threaten to burn the house down; and others had heard him say

repeatedly that he wished it was burned down! Then came several witnesses—three of the prominent citizens—who saw him lurking about the premises on the night of the fire.

With regard to the provocation on the prisoner's part for such a deed, it was proved upon his own admission, that he had been ill-treated there and that he had sworn to have revenge. And furthermore, it was proved that he had been heard to say that his salvation of soul and body depended upon the destruction of that house. Next came more testimony stronger still.

The fire had been set in a back basement room where shavings and other stuff for kindlings were kept. Entrance had been gained through a back window, which had been partly pried open with a stout knife. This basement wall was brick, and beneath the sash was the blade of a knife which had been broken off in trying to raise the sash. The blade was recognized as belonging to the prisoner's knife! A maker of cutlery had made a knife to order for Ambold, only a month previous, and he knew the blade at once, and swore to it.

But this was not all. The fire had been evidently set first to the shavings which lay upon the stone floor, but piled up against a wooden partition. The floor was damp, and some of the outer shavings, even, were not wholly burned up. But just at the edge, where the fire commenced, lay a piece of paper, rolled up, and about half burned, and from the manner in which it lay, it was very evident that the fire had been set with it. This piece of rolled paper had been ignited by a match, a number of which were scattered around, and as soon as it was on fire it had been laid upon the floor, with the burning end just in the shavings. Of course, these shavings were in a blaze instantly; but the paper torch being upon the damp stones, had not burned wholly up.

And this paper was found to be a part of a letter belonging to the prisoner! A letter which he had received from a friend of his (and a friend of mine) only a week before! That friend had to come forward and swear that piece of charred paper was a part of a letter he had written to the prisoner! This friend's name was Stephen Grant. He was a young merchant, and the letter had been written for the purpose of inducing Ambold to reform. Stephen tried hard to avoid testifying for he knew, as did others, that the fire must have been set with that identical paper; but he was summoned, and he could not deny his own chirography.

The case looked dark. Many witnesses were willing to testify to the prisoner's good qualities, but no one could swear that he was not dissipated, and degraded. That house had been to him indeed, a region infernal. Its destruction cried out for his bodily life: and its existence had long been eating away his soul. Poor Charley! I had before been sure of his innocence: but now I could only shake my head and pity him.

Finally he was allowed to speak for himself. He said he was innocent of the crime imputed to him. He said that he had threatened to burn that house down—that he had said about all that had been sworn to. And, furthermore, he was round the house on the night of the fire. He was not ten rods off when the flames burst forth, and he was one of the first to give the alarm. He had uttered one cry of fire when he noticed where the flames must have originated, and the thought came to him if he was found there, he might be suspected of having set the fire, so he ran away. He also said that three hours before the fire, he had been robbed in that house. His pockets had been emptied of everything in them, and his pocket-book, containing forty dollars in money, and some valuable papers, had been taken. He had gone there on the night of the fire to try and persuade them to give him back his money and papers—or at least to get what he could. When he got there, he saw a man go in whom he did not wish to see, so he had hung around, waiting for him to depart. He was around by the back of the building once—and that was an hour before the fire broke out. He knew nothing—nothing. He clasped his hands, and with his tearless eyes raised towards heaven, he called on God to witness that he was innocent!

I have told you that I knew him well. I knew him so well, that from that moment I knew him to be innocent! I knew his very soul—I knew how free and open it was—ah, how sinfully so! I knew there was no falsehood in the story he told us.

"My boy is innocent! My boy is innocent!" I heard the cry—and I saw an old woman sink back into the arms of a male companion. It was his poor mother. Her heart was well nigh broken. Yet I saw that all this had but little effect upon the mass of spectators. The prisoner's course of dissipation—his many threats against the house—and the very fact of his having been robbed and abused there were heavy against him.

The counsel for the prisoner made his speech, which was labored and hard. He was foolish enough to intimate that if his client was around at the back part of the house more than once, he must have been intoxicated. In short his plea had better been left out. The evidence he could not shake, and he did all he could to suppose evidence, some of it most absurd and ridiculous. I afterwards learned that Moulton Warren engaged that lawyer for the youthful prisoner! The Government attorney made his plea. It was plain straight-forward, and very conclusive.

The judge finally gave his charge. He was fair and candid. He reviewed the evidence carefully, and pointed out such as bore heavily upon the case. He told us if there was a lingering doubt in our minds we must give the prisoner the benefit of it! But I could plainly see that there was no doubt in his mind.

We—the jury—were conducted to our room by an officer, and there locked up. A silence of some minutes ensued. Moulton Warren was the first to speak.

"Well," he said. "I s'pose there's no need of our bein' here a great while. Of course we all know that the prisoner must have set fire to the house?"

There was something in the manner of that man as he said this which excited my curiosity—I won't say it was suspicion then—only curiosity. He spoke with a forced effort at calmness which I at once perceived. The more I looked at him the more I became strongly nervous and uneasy, wondering why he should be so anxious to get rid of the case, and have Ambold convicted. I knew that he frequented that evil house, and that he had done much toward tempting Charley to dissipation. I knew that he was in that house on the night on which the prisoner was robbed—for Charley had told me so when I visited him in his cell. I had then asked the unfortunate youth if he was sure Warren was his friend. O, he was sure of it. He should have hunted him up on the night of his robbery, only they told him Warren had gone.

By and by, the foreman proposed that we should each take up a piece of paper and write down our opinion, and then compare notes. I went to my hat which I had placed upon a table with a number of others, and took out a sheet of paper. I had got half way back to the table when I found I had made a mistake. I had got part of a letter from another man's hat. I was about to turn back when the name of the writer of the letter arrested my attention. I looked more closely, and read—"Stephen Grant." Next I caught this sentence—

"And now dear Charles, if not for your own, yet for your mother's sake, let me hope you will do better."

I started as though a shot had struck me. I held in my hand the other half of the sheet which had been used to fire the burned house! I went to the table and found that I had taken it from Warren's hat! I looked to see if I had been observed—and I had not. I put the paper back, and then took a piece from my own hat, which was of the same pattern as the other, and by its side.

I returned to the table and sat down. Warren was by my side. He had written his opinion, and took a knife from his pocket to cut it from the large sheet.

"Let me take your knife a moment, if you please," I said to him.

Without hesitation he did so. I took it—it was Charles Ambold's knife!—the large blade was gone! With all the power I possessed I restrained my deep emotion, and having cut my paper I handed back the knife.

Why should he have that knife so boldly about him. I afterwards learned. He had not worn those pantaloons before since the night of the fire; and now he used the knife probably without the least remembrance of the loss it had sustained during a very peculiar piece of work, to the execution of which it was made subservient.

We talked for some ten minutes, and I found that eleven of the jury were bent on rendering a verdict of guilty; though most of them were in favor of recommending the prisoner to mercy. Moulton Warren was decided. He had no mercy at all.

Presently I started up, and pretending to be faint, I said I must go out for a few moments. I kicked at the door and the deputy sheriff came. He heard my plea and let me out.—As soon as we had gained a safe distance, I told him all. He was astonished and went away; when he came back he brought the district attorney, and the district judge and the sheriff. I told him again what I had seen—I assured them that I knew that it was no mere suspicion. And I explained, too, Warren's manner in the jury room, and his former connections with the prisoner, and his known character.

The officers went away, and at the end of ten minutes they returned, a constable added to their number, and this constable had a freshly written instrument in his hand. The sheriff bade me to point out the hat to them as soon as we entered the room.

The door of the room opened, and I pointed them to the hat. The sheriff took it, and asked whose it was. Warren leaped to his feet and seized it, but was held back.

Word was instantly sent to the judge that the jury could not agree. They were discharged, and then Moulton Warren was searched. The knife found upon him, and his behavior at once exposed his guilt. The presence of that letter was accounted for by him in a dozen different ways within an hour.

A new jury was impaneled, and Charles Ambold was acquitted. Shortly afterwards Warren was tried. It was plainly proved that the woman who kept it was to have been burned up in it; as he contrived to lock her into her room shortly after setting the fire. She had incurred his displeasure in various ways, and this was his revenge. Not only she, but two of her girls had suspected him from the first, but they dare not complain; for fear he would not be convicted, and would be sure to murder them.

The hardened villain confessed his guilt after he had been condemned, and then it was that he told how he happened to be so careless in regard to the paper and knife. It was he who had robbed Ambold, and when he took the old letter from his hat to use it for a torch in setting the fire, he did not notice what it was, and even when that partly burned half had been exhibited in court he had entirely forgotten that he had torn off the other half and put it back in his hat, as he must have done. The letter had been found in Ambold's pocket book, and he had kept it because in it the youth was warned against his influence.

He confessed that he held a slight idea of calling the writer to an account when it should become convenient. With regard to the knife, it was as I before stated. He took that also from Ambold's pocket, and put it in his own; and on the night of the fire he used it to pry up the sash, and when he had broken it he put it back in his pocket and forgot it.

Thus was Charley saved—and saved from more than an ignominious death, too. He was saved to be a noble, virtuous man; and his mother once more took ample delight and joy in the love and tender care of her only child.

When Charles Ambold knew that Moulton Warren had expiated his crimes upon the gallows he sat down and pondered upon his past life. The thoughts of his old companion being hanged, sent a strange thrill through his frame. But he was able to trace out, clearly and logically, this terrible result from the course of life the ill-fated man had pursued. He shuddered as he remembered how far he had gone in the same course himself; and he was able to see the only safe path for any youth.

Not only must he shun temptation—not only keep clear of even the appearance of vice—but, above all, must he shun evil companionship. A youth may make all the good resolutions thought can afford, but if he continues one evil companionship he is not safe!

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